For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite,
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth, I will befriend thee more with raine
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres.
In Summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deere sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.
Lucius. Oh noble father you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.
Titus. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.
Lucius. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speak.
Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones,
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete,
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribun*
A stone is silent, and offendeth
And Tribunes with their tong
But wherefore standst thou wi
Lucius. To rescue my two b
For which attempt the Iudges
My euerlasting doome of bani
Titus. O happy man, they h
Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou
That Rome is but a wildernes
Tigers must prey, and Rome a
But me and mine: how happy a
From these deuourers to be ban
But who comes with our broth

Enter Marcus a

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy
Or if not so, thy noble heart to
I bring consuming sorrow to t
Titus. Will it consume me?
Marc. This was thy daugh
Titus. Why *Marcus* so she
Lucius. Aye me, this obiect
Titus. Faint-harted boy, ar
Speake *Lauinia*, what accurse
Hath made thee handlesse in th
What foole hath added water
Or brought a faggot to bright
My griefe was at the height be
And now like *Nylus* it disdain
Giue me a sword Ile chop off m
For they haue fought for Rom
And they haue nurst this woe,
In bootelesse prayer haue they
And they haue seru'd me to eff

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